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A Five Cent Apple

















A young boy ran bare-foot through the town. He'd just stolen a French bread stick. He ran for a few more minutes before realising that he should either hide or turn himself in. He decided on hiding.

He ran nimbly into the yard of a wealthy land owner. The land owner had a variety of ornaments and bushes in his yard to conceal the thief so he used them as an advantage and hid behind a statue of a fiddler.

As he hid he took a bite out of the bread stick and peeked around the statue to see if the police had left him. As he looked he heard a voice.

"What are you doing boy?"

The boy turned to look at who'd spoken and his eyes widened when he saw that it was the land owner himself.

"Illh I was just Juh " The hov renlied

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"How did you become so rich?" The thief boy asked.

The man laughed merrily and began to tell his story.

"When I was younger, my poor, sick father have me five cents. With that five cents I bought an apple. I took my apple home and polished it and made is shine like the sun. The next day I sold that apple for ten cents. I then bought two, five cent apples with my ten cents. I took them home and polished them, made them shine and then took then into town the next day and sold them for twenty cents." The man explained.

"Yes, yes, but how did you become so rich?" The boy cried.

"Oh! Then my rich great uncles, fathers, sisters, aunt died and I got the fortune..."

The land owner stood and walked back to his manor and the boy sat there dumbfounded.

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